

Grateful Dead "She Belongs To Me"

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She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she
don't look back.

Takes the dark out of the nighttime, she paints the
daytime black.

You will start out standing, proud to steal her anything
she sees.

But you will wind up peeking through a key hole, down
upon your bended knees.

She never stumbles, she's got no place to fall.

She's nobody's child, the law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring, that sparkles before she
speaks.

She's a hypnotist collector, you are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday, salute her when her
birthday comes.

For Halloween but her a trumpet, and for Christmas,
buy her drums.

She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she
don't look back.

Takes the dark out of the nighttime, you know she
paints the daytime black

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